

# the student

Wake Forest College  
Winston-Salem, N. C.

Volume 78

Number 5

May, 1965



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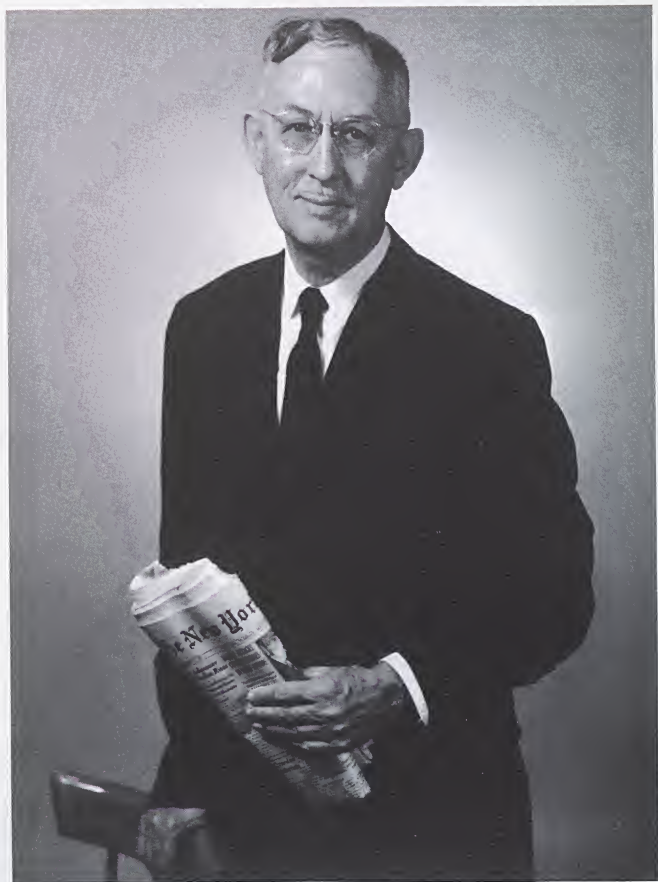
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*To Dr. Edgar E. Folk we dedicate the student, 1964-1965,  
with respect and gratitude.*

# the student

Volume 78      Number 5

May, 1965

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**OUR COVER:** Carol Swan, senior from Jenkintown, Pa., takes the children in her Wake Forest kindergarten class for a walk in Reynolda Gardens.  
*Photo by Dick Radford.*

# *The* **CASTAWAYS**

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# Profiles

RICHARD FALLIS, "J. Worthington Snipe" of the April *student*, writes in a more serious tone about Wake Forest's "Incredible Century" since the Civil War left it devastated just 100 years ago this month.



WALLACE FINLATOR appears in the *student* for the first time in an essay about a question which confronts any critical moviegoer or reader of modern fiction: What is pornography, and how should one evaluate it? Wallace is a sophomore from Raleigh.



JOYCE WILSIE, a constant worker in the College Theatre, is a voracious reader. *the student* asked her to write a rejoinder to a masculine critique of *The Feminine Mystique*. In this issue she offers her delightful opinion. Joyce is a senior from Arlington, Va.

JIM BUNN, a graduate student in English, reviewed *The Feminine Mystique* and offers some solace to defenders of both sides of the questions the book raises. Jim is from Baltimore, Maryland.



BETSY WINSTEAD, *student* fiction editor, is a long-time admirer of Dr. A. C. Reid, retiring head of the Department of Philosophy. In her article she seeks to articulate that which is ultimately inexpressible.



DAN JONES writes about another man who has become virtually a tradition at Wake Forest, Dr. Charles S. Black, who retires this year after 40 years in the Chemistry Department. Dan is a senior from Charlotte majoring in chemistry.



JO DEYOUNG, *student* editor, hopes in her article "The Great Cape Hunt" that the humor of the whole situation might salve the bitterness of the disappointed bullfight cape hunters.

DANNY KELLUM poses an amusing question in his short story in this issue. What would happen if someone discovered a pill that would make everyone a straight A student? Danny's humorous treatment makes this one of the year's better short stories.



PEGGY CUSHMORE, junior from Philadelphia, appears again in *the student* with her poem "Happy Birthday."

HAYES McNEILL, freshman from Wilkesboro, contributes an ironic poem which would make any student poet wince. Although this magazine does not usually publish any poetry of the kind he mentions in his satirical comments, it was glad to receive his contribution.

ELEANOR SMITH'S poem "Mathematics: Art or Science?" has been previously published in mimeographed form by the Math Department. Not to be outdone, *the student* gladly presents it here, regretting that it had to omit her excellent footnotes due to lack of space. Eleanor is a graduate student in math from Winston-Salem.

JOHN Q. GILTERHOPPER, only student poet to merit an appearance in every issue of the magazine, has two poems in this issue. They are "Song of Spring" and "In the Wilderness."



DICK RADFORD did the cover photograph for *the student*, in full-color for the first time. He also did the photography for "The Great Cape Hunt." Dick is a freshman from Perry Point, Md.



DONIA WHITELEY appears again in *the student* as a poetess. This time she also provided the photograph which accompanies her poem "Two." *the student* contains a second poem, "The Pangs of Darker Birth."



KENNETH E. WALKER, graduate student and instructor in English, appears in *the student* for the first time with two poems, "Impasse" and "I Left a Cow-slip in its Place." It might help those readers of "Impasse" to know that *Neuer* is the German word for "new man."

HAROLD JACKSON contributes his second short story to *the student*, this one entitled "Fences." "Brother" is a senior history major from Cheraw, South Carolina.



LAURA JORDAN brightens up the pages of this issue with her illustration for "The Secret of Richard" and her collage for *The Feminine Mystique*.



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# The Incredible Century

by Richard Fellis

Dear old Wake Forest was just about dead. A hundred years ago this month the old College had almost given up the ghost. It was May of 1865, the year the Civil War, the war for three generations of southerners, ended; and it appeared that Wake Forest was one of the casualties.

The College had closed down three years before, when most of its student body and part of the faculty had joined the Confederate army.

During the war, the village of Wake Forest had been raided by stragglers from Sherman's armies, while the College Building—there was just one building then—had been used as a Confederate hospital. In the spring of '65 it showed the results of heavy use and little care. On top of that, it had a distinct hospital reek.

But a college can get along with a broken down physical plant better than it can with no faculty; and in 1865 there were only two professors left to reorganize the College, W. G. Simmons and William Royall.

Wake Forest needed students too. In the post-Civil War South, these were hard to come by, for the breakdown of the old economy made education an unheard-of luxury for many.

Nevertheless, in January of 1866, the College reopened with fifty-one students. It was a small start, but it was about all that could be done. As usual, Wake Forest was in severe financial straits. During the Civil War, in a patriotic if not too shrewd move, the trustees had invested almost all the endowment in Confederate bonds. With the collapse of the South, these bonds were worthless, and in 1866 the trustees were left holding many handsomely engraved bonds and just \$11,000 in cold cash.

Plagued by lack of money, the College grew slowly during Reconstruction. Campus life in the '70's was quiet. The village of Wake Forest, while a charming little town, was hardly the center of the social whirl. Raleigh was sixteen long miles

away—longer then with no chance for thumbing. Wake had no coeds, and was not to have them until 1943, but it appears that the rigid requirements for graduation left little time for "socializing." (It took twenty hours in Greek and Latin, as well as 120 hours to graduate.) In an optimistic move, Wake Forest then offered a Ph.D. although no one ever earned it.

Vacation time was scarce, consisting of two days at Christmas and Founder's Day. In a move of unparalleled generosity, Easter Monday was added in 1876. But the town girls in Wake Forest provided some entertainment, and Commencement and other occasions brought on a round of parties, causing the *Biblical Recorder* to warn that dating was a good thing only so long as "dissipation, late hours and slackness" were not encouraged.

The students lived in boarding houses and took their meals where they could find them. Although most landladies frowned on cooking in the rooms, there is a story of a student who was invited to have dinner with some buddies in their room. He thought the rabbit stew was a bit strong, but it was only after he had downed the stuff that his friends informed him that he had just finished off the better part of one of the local tomcats.

By the 1880's the College was beginning to look more as it does today. In 1882 *the student* was founded. It was operated by two literary societies with the improbable names of Euzelian and Philomethesian. Actually, these societies, which predated the College, dominated activities until fraternities came along in the 1920's.

By the turn of the century, Wake Forest had better than 300 students, an endowment of more than \$100,000, and a good reputation as a small Baptist college. Indoor plumbing, an infirmary, and an English Department had all come in the "Gay Nineties," but the years of great progress were yet to come.

They really began in 1905 when William Louis

Poteat became president. Poteat was a biologist of wide reputation who had already won the College some fame by introducing the laboratory method into the Biology Department long before

College became an Army unit set up to train college-age soldiers.

Two professors and 38 students went to training camp in New York State in the summer of 1918,



it was done in most major colleges. During Poteat's administration the Library was catalogued and shelves found for most of the books; the *Old Gold and Black* was founded; and the magnolias which it "covers the campus like" were planted.

But mainly, these were the good old days, the days of ice cream suppers, the horseless carriage, and a Carolina moon that did shine through the magnolias. "Publish or perish" was a long way in the future for the faculty, and for students there was still time for barbering freshmen, "newish" then, and stealing the College bell. Intercollegiate sports came into their own, and with them, the rivalry with Carolina and Trinity, later to be Duke. Southern knighthood was really more or less in flower.

The easy days ended with the shock of warfare in April of 1917 when Americans began their "war to end war." The call to arms soon depleted the student body, and the administration again despaired of finding students. For the duration, the

although one of the professors, who later became president of the College, didn't take to the Army too well. Dr. Kitchin found drill and KP just too much for a man more used to the classroom. One morning, while in line for inspection, he fainted. Kitchen was sent posthaste to the operating table. What was reported as a "vicious jab in the abdomen" convinced an officer that Kitchen was in need of an operation immediately. At that point, Kitchin came to and with "Christian kindness" pointed out that he was an MD of long years and he knew that he did not have appendicitis.

In a typical Army maneuver, he was offered a commission in the medical corps for his wise diagnosis of his own complaint. Kitchin refused and took the next train back to Wake Forest.

The College survived its semester as an army base in time for the great flu epidemic of 1918. It began during registration in September, and within a week most of the students and faculty were ailing. Wake Forest literally sniffled its way all through



that semester and finally let out early so everyone could recuperate.

When peace came, Wake Forest made a "return to normalcy" with the rest of the country. After years of undercover activity, fraternities were legalized in 1922, and a new era in social life began. Wake Forest was no longer an isolated village, for the Model T made Meredith and the other women's colleges much closer. Girls were no longer a real curiosity on campus, and the literary societies no longer debated, as they had in the 1870's, "whether young gentlemen should keep the company of females." Clearly, the decision had been made long before, although *the student* could still complain of the "abnormality" of a college with no women.

The twenties also brought major disputes with the Baptist convention over evolution and dancing. Poteat's stand on the evolution controversy was probably his finest hour and marked a turning point for Wake Forest. Dancing continued, if on the sly.

In 1934 Wake Forest reached the century mark. Depression had come and was going, and again Wake had survived crisis. *The Howler* celebrated the College's first hundred years, but 1934 is best remembered as the year of the firebug. While apparently no relation to State's current torchbearer, he—or it may have been a vengeful she—kept the fire alarms ringing. It started during the winter of 1933 when ninety-six year old Wait Hall, the Reynolda of its day, went up. This fire, along with the one two weeks later that gutted the local high school, was blamed on defective wiring, always a good scapegoat.

The next year the fires started again in earnest. Wingate Hall, home of the music and religion departments, provided a memorable blaze. "Awful lot of defective wiring," people thought. And then in a week a garage, a filling station, a fraternity house, and the men's dormitory all caught fire.

There wasn't that much defective wiring in Wake County, so the firebug theory became popular. Crowds now came to the campus each night to see if there would be another spectacular blaze. An armed guard of students set out to protect the campus, but without much success; for soon after, a barn and the Negro school burned.

And then the fires stopped, as suddenly as they began. A firebug expert was imported to investigate, but if he ever found out who did it, he kept

it to himself.

Wake Forest soon had other things to think about, namely, another war. After 1941 students marched off, and again the campus was deserted.

Then came the great revolution, in the minds of many, the most important event in the life of the College since 1865. The first coeds took the first step on the campus. They weren't exactly welcome at first, but the trustees, hard up for paying students, allowed them to come for "the duration." But even the trustees were young once; and in 1943 "the duration" became "ad infinitum," as Wake Forest went coed.

And the coeds took over. In a few years they ran the publications, broke all the curves and generally stole the College out from under the noses of the







somnolent males. The Wake man's only means of retaliation was to do what he had always done: date off campus. And so the situation returned to more or less what it had always been.

By the late 1940's the old campus was creaking at the seams, full to overflowing and fast wearing out. It was then that the Reynolds family decided to buy a college. The old campus was steeped in tradition, but it was also painfully old. The Reynolds, the Baptists, and the College came to terms, after the usual fussing.

During the early fifties, reverent trips were made to Winston-Salem to watch the new campus progress. President Harry Truman broke ground in 1951, and slowly, very slowly, the campus was built. It turned out to be a little less magnificent than its enthusiasts had anticipated; and, as *Newsweek* said, it was really obsolete before the College ever moved. But it was new, and it was air conditioned; and in the summer of 1956 when the College moved, that was good enough.

The fact that *Life* and *Newsweek* took note of the move was a sign of a new day for Wake Forest. No longer a provincial school, the College was earning a nationwide reputation. There were growing pains after the move, but they were to be expected. The dancing issue recurred, and *the student* was gagged. The College tried unsuccessfully to convince North Carolina Baptists that it was no longer a parochial school; but in spite of the "riots" and the panty raids, the College continued to grow. New departments were added; a graduate school was established; and after a dozen lean years, football became respectable again.

The hundred years since 1865 seem longer than they have actually been. The hundred or more miles back to Wake Forest, N. C., seem longer too. The College's progress in its splendid century has not been steady, but it has been undeniable, as the phrase "pro humanitate" became a living motto for Wake Forest.

## In The Wilderness

*Forty years in the wilderness  
is a long  
long  
long  
time.*

*Forty years in the wilderness  
is one generation  
of indecision  
and  
decision.*

*Forty years in the wilderness  
is a life  
I shall be proud to have lived  
because out there  
contingency is too long a word.*

*Forty years in the wilderness  
is the time  
I shall be sorry for life  
because I had rather  
lie in the shade of oases  
and pluck sweet grapes  
and drink cool water.*

*Forty years in the wilderness  
is a long  
long  
long  
time,*

*BUT I SHALL LIVE  
Forty years in the wilderness  
because I am a free man.*

*John Q. Gilterhopper*



The Chase



The Search



The Victor

# The Great Cape Hunt

by Jo DeYoung

It was nothing unusual, as far as bullfight capes go. But the search for it might have been the quest for the Fountain of Youth, Columbus's voyage, the California Gold Rush, or the Beatles' opening night.

Armed with dictionaries, city maps, city directories, compasses, flashlights, and big sticks, and goaded on by maddening rhyming clues, posses of Wake Forest students joined the hue and cry raised by the rest of Winston-Salem in looking for a cape hidden by a local radio station. The reward was a king's ransom. Five hundred dollars.

"Only two kinds of people could find the cape," mused one member of a searching party, "lucky fools or people who hunt scientifically."

The best brains in the College searched methodically, analytically, carefully. The worst brains searched wildly, irrationally, desperately. Still, no one found it. Sagas of endurance and of foolishness, as well as term papers, went unwritten and unappreciated as the truants sifted the city.

Knots of red-eyed, scratched, dirty, sleepy searchers met spasmodically to compare their secret findings and public follies in following the maze of clues.

*Think of an animal used as a pet and a clue to the missing cape you'll get.* The first real clue.

"It's not in a dogwood, and we couldn't find any cat tails. It isn't in a Shell service station, in case you're thinking about turtles. We even looked through the tires. The manager gave us some bubble gum . . ."

*An early president could help a lot in leading you to the proper spot.*



"There are fifteen streets in Winston-Salem named for the first fifteen presidents. And then there are the Jefferson Standard Life Building, the Monticello Apartments, loads of Jeffersonian architecture, Monticello Drive, the Dolly Madison Cake Company, the Monroe Calculating Machine Company, the . . ."

*It's not hidden up so very high but from it you can see the sky.* "And after we spent hours combing the sewers under the expressway!"

*You could find the cape today where children have been seen at play.*

"We covered several playgrounds. All we found there were other people watching us to make sure we didn't find it."

*If you're to bring the treasure forth from Corporation go mostly north.*

"Now it's north of Corporation Parkway and south of 33rd Street . . . What was that boy by Peter's Creek Parkway doing? He was looking for it, he was searching for it, that's what it was, he was—"

*The bullfight cape's an easy mark but the searching's harder after dark.*

"This is true. Last night I was in a marsh beating a tree with this stick and—"

"I tell you, *nobody* in Winston-Salem is going to find that cape!"

*Here's something else you should mark on your slate, it's like the name of a spot in the Old Dominion State.*

"Now, there's a playground near Monticello Apartments and Monticello Avenue, also near Westover Drive (you know that's Byrd's home place) near Granville (that rhymes with "Danville") and . . ."

*Think of a fighter, a heavyweight, thing of a fighter—who thinks he is great.*

"Clay! Cassius Clay! Just think of the quantities of clay in Winston-Salem! Clay banks, clay pipes, clay bricks, clay . . ."

*"Something with a meaning strong might keep you from going wrong.*

"My god! Do you suppose they mean anagrams, acrostics, words spelled backwards, rhymes? Now the cape was hidden by the El Toro Committee. That's ETC. That rhymes with STP—maybe it was that Shell station and the guy was just . . ."

*You've heard of Admiral Perry . . . You've heard of General Lee; their names can help you think of where the missing cape might be.*

"Near the Jefferson Standard Building and Pete Knight's Grocery Store (that's where we went through all those used refrigerators) there is a sign for Admiral Television and for the Robert E. Lee. If it's in that building, no one will ever find it . . ."

And so tensions grew and tempers shrank. Roommates were not speaking. To taunt an enemy by saying smoothly, "They've found the cape," was inviting instant and fatal retaliation. Plans for attending class diminished. After all, when one had already wasted so much time, he owed it to himself to continue. Plans for spending the loot magnified a thousandfold. Steaks, champagne, cars . . . And then it happened.

Someone found it. Under a cherry (rhymes with "Perry") tree, and he wasn't a bit scientific, just pocketed the money to the general dismay of those who had chased the will-o-the-whisp until it had become a way of life.

However, amid the gloom of the announcement and the general condolences and reconciliation of parties no longer mutually suspicious came the announcement by two radio stations of new contests. This time, the searchers admitted their avid interest and their greed and quickly penned and signed a legal contract to preserve the general harmony. It reads as follows:

"We the undersigned do hereby today, April 26, 1965 agree to form a corporation which shall be named *Find*. We hereby agree to listen to the radio and report all findings concerning the \$500 contest and, if the money is won, we agree to divide it.

"We further agree to look diligently for the Honda Keys and if found, regardless of the finder, the reward must be divided among all members below listed. All members must record (1) time spent in actual looking and (2) time spent in contemplation.

"The money from either or both contests shall be divided among our members according to time spent in behalf of the find. Thinking effort shall count one half a point and actual searching shall count one point.

"If found, the person with the largest number of points shall receive the largest portion of the money. An hour is the basis of judgment and one point is the value of one hour of search or one half point is the value of one hour's contemplation."

# Mathematics: Art or Science?

*Mathematics — art or science? is the question that you ask.  
To answer is an interesting, but not so easy, task.  
Experts on the subject are found in such profusion  
That listening to them all leaves this student in confusion.  
If we ask the average person, he will say that math's a science;  
He says this with much confidence and obvious self-reliance.  
A somewhat deeper thinker will ponder what we mean  
And answer math is "neither," "both," or "something in-between."  
"Mathematics for mathematics' sake" reads one mathematician's banner;  
"The Queen of all the Sciences," states another in grand manner.  
Astrologers, witch doctors, and popular magicians  
Were not so long ago classified as "mathematicians."  
To some a tool, a language, or perhaps a simple game;  
Pythagoreans thought that math and music were the same.  
And for Pascal, Newton, and Descartes and others, we can tell  
Math must have been religion and philosophy as well.  
We read about the formalist's and intuitionist's views,  
And also Bertrand Russell and his famous p's and q's.  
Then with all these definitions our brains begin to swim  
Since there seems to be at least some truth in every one of them.  
So as with varying opinions our notes begin to swell,*

And our heads are fairly ringing with E. Temple Bell,  
 We decide that it is time to put the books back on the shelves  
 And try to find an answer that will satisfy ourselves.  
 Webster says that art is science and science is an art;  
 And keeping this in mind, then, I will make my humble start.  
 That mathematics is a science, folks will generally agree;  
 They see its scientific methods and its uniformity.  
 Yes, the technical facets of mathematics are well-known;  
 So the point to be made is that it's not a science alone.  
 An art must have intrinsic worth despite utility.  
 That math's an art in this respect is not too hard to see.  
 If we examine various reasons for mathematic innovation,  
 We discover that more often than practical application,  
 Intellectual curiosity has been the motivation.  
 If a new creation has no use, this causes no frustration.  
 A mathematician works with abstracts and sometimes doesn't care  
 If a real authentic model is or isn't there.  
 The matrices — abstractions to Sylvester and to Cayley —  
 Are finding new and vital uses to atomic science daily.  
 Though sometimes a reality may pop up after years,  
 Even if it doesn't, the purist sheds no tears.  
 An art must leave the artist to be completely free  
 To express in this, his medium, his personality.  
 So creative geniuses in math (and very few they be)  
 Have just one rule to follow, and that's "Consistency."  
 It matters naught if the artist's realm is true or just pure fiction  
 As long as his assumptions do not lead to contradiction.  
 And as a symphony consists of simple themes with variation,  
 Achievement in mathematics comes when one's imagination  
 Takes a simple group of axioms and starts to build with them  
 An entirely new geometry or algebraic system.  
 Still the ordinary person may think mathematics is a bore —  
 Beyond formulas and theorems there's no magic, just a chore.  
 And just as comic book readers don't savor Dostoevski,  
 We can't expect that everyone be thrilled with Lobachevsky.  
 And because in any art we know that true appreciation  
 Is in direct proportion with amount of education,  
 Maximum enjoyment of mathematics as an art  
 Takes years of patient studying with both the mind and heart.  
 Much more on this subject could be said if there were time  
 To think of how to write things down in words that make a rhyme;  
 But in conclusion I would say, (though I'm not very smart)  
 The science of mathematics is a "not-so-liberal" art.

Eleanor Smith



## I Left A Cowslip In Its Place

I left a cowslip in its place  
(Though it was much desired)  
And kept a calla in my vase.

Afraid I should myself abase  
If I too long admired,  
I left a cowslip in its place.

Although I loved its quiet grace,  
I turned from that which I aspired  
And kept a calla in my vase.

For fear that I might chase  
A dear one once acquired,  
I left a cowslip in its place

And stepped with wavering pace  
From what would have transpired  
And kept a calla in my vase.

Because it would disgrace  
If we anything conspired,  
I left a cowslip in its place  
And kept a calla in my vase.

Kenneth E. Walker

## Impasse

Within the abyss of lost  
Lost of fathomless unknown  
Unknown unknowable obscure  
*Neuer* in tenuous groping  
Obscure.

Frayed cords in his hands  
Hands now unbound unguided  
Unguided by myths fragmented  
*Neuer* despairingly searching  
Fragmented.

Turning about with a quadrant  
Quadrant for measuring extent  
Extent ultimately immensurable  
*Neuer* futilely gauging  
Immensurable.

Sculpturing broken statues  
Statues without any meaning  
Meaning but dissolute nothingness  
*Neuer* in vain fabrication  
Nothingness.

Inquiring long for a comrade  
Comrade to none but horror  
Horror of being alone  
*Neuer* in dread isolation  
Alone.

Near him a specter hovers  
Hovers inexorable death  
Death the threat of oblivion  
*Neuer* chillingly fearing  
Oblivion.

Kenneth E. Walker

# The Secret of Richard



by Danny Kellum

**K**. Richard Grandy was on the Dean's List twice in his freshman year. At the end of the first semester he had four F's and a D. At the end of the second he had all A's. He had not studied nearly as much, but he had a secret. He couldn't remember exactly when it began; he could only remember the day he got the letter. It had opened as usual, "Dear son," but it didn't end "Love, Mother." It just ended and the last word "study" was underlined more times than it had been on the other seven pages.

"Do you reckon?" he muttered to himself. "I guess they got my grades," he tried to joke to himself, but it was useless. "You failure, you damn failure," he cussed. "Ah-ha. They are right. They figured me out! He, he, he, you've been caught,"

he haseled, imitating a bandit. "There has never been a dumb Grandy before," his mother had written in her usual disbelief of such a son. "Why'd you have to end the streak?" he quoted her humor.

"I'm not going to write her back!" Richard stamped his foot. "I'm not going to tell her why. No, No, nope! Just 'cause I'm no all around guy like brother John," he slurred the name that hurt him. "Just 'cause I've got a square side when it comes to learning," he puffed swinging his arm needlessly to the sky. "I'm still not a bad guy. And I do have a little brain that gets me by, sometimes."

"I'm quitting!" he screamed, and then his misty blue eyes searched every crack of the Beta Alpha house to make sure no one had heard or noticed. He pulled the hood of his jacket over his head

and stamped through the fraternity house to his third floor room.

"I'll leave no message," he decided, pretending he was a noble figure. "No message for the doubters of my greatness."

He took his dop kit and emptied some pills he'd made in chemistry class onto the shiny desk, not littered with notes and sweat as others might be. He had a clean, fine desk, now covered with a rainbow of capsules and tablets.

"Now, now," he continued his task as if it were a regal ceremony. "First a green one—" he swallowed, "That is to numb the feet from ever dancing." He would miss "twisting" and "bopping" and stomping out cigarette butts. "But such is the price," he groaned as he gulped the three yellow ones that would stiffen his legs. "You have run your last race, Richard boy," he patted his thigh and thought sentimentally how lucky he was to have strong legs that glowed golden in the summer as his did.

"Next, the red devils," he decided. "They will burn the heart 'til it uses up its spark and will keep the lungs—the lungs," he reminded himself, "from ever inhaling another Winston. No," he reconsidered, "I'll take the red one last and take one more drag before I pass on to meet my God or Devil or whoever."

"Here is a two-toned pink one for these strong arms," he stammered. "Ah, many's been the damsel to find herself between these two—but not any one for long."

He held his hands in front of his lifeless stare. "No more cold cans, no more steering wheels, and no more damn pencils! Yah!" He paused and turned his hands inside and out, "I do have good hands. My fingernails are always clean, too. The mortician might even comment on how clean they are. Maybe he'll tell my folks he didn't have to clean them out.

"And now ten white ones to force the brain to stop its task. Maybe I'm being too hard on my brain," he decided; "it can't help it if it can't reason, and think, and figure out puzzles, and be useful . . ." But his face made no effort to be spiteful or falsely noble. His face grew damper as tears and regret, and yet happiness that it was all over fought for control of his wind-burned face. He found the scissors in his desk drawer. He snipped a lock of his sun glazed hair and put the auburn piece in an envelope. On the outside he wrote,

"To, Mary, with love, Rich."

"To hell with the red pill. The lungs and heart will just have to quit when they will; let the greens and yellows work on them from top and bottom until they reach the center," he mumbled, and his rugged body and limbs tumbled to their rest.

The morning, fell bright and brawny through the broken-shaded window and turned Richard's roommate toward the wall. Outside, the campus was humming sleepily to nine o'clock classes. Up and down the hall little buzzers and bells started a new day. Drowsy feet pattered around and around, in and out of the bathroom.

Larry jumped from the top bunk to shut off his alarm. He scratched his feet on the opposite legs. "Let's go, Rich. Up and at 'em."

Larry moved about the room, gathering his dop kit and a towel. "Come on Rich." He shook the lower bunk with his itching foot.

"What? Classes! I must be in hell!"

"Class time, and this morning your favorite—" he joked. "Pol. Sci. 278, 'the study of South East Asia.' Why are you still in bed? If you keep up like you did this first week, you'll knock them out."

Richard raced out of bed, shook his head. "First books, then off. No, dress, then books, then off."

Class held nothing unusual, only Richard decided not to take notes. He listened attentively without his sunglasses to hide his droopy eyelids. Larry had even reminded him to bring them, but Richard purposely left them on the desk beside the sunlamp.

Several times Richard pointed to Larry's notes, calling attention to a misspelling or a dangling modifier. Larry rubbed his chin and tried to write better.

Larry sensed the change in Richard. He knew that Richard decided to enjoy flunking out. Rich never studied. Before, Richard had seemed to be as busy as a Chinese gnat in Tahiti trying to find some honey. Now he had quit living for week-ends. To fill the space, he had adopted a four day play week to celebrate the approaching three day weekend.

"Rich, listen to me." Larry pushed him down in his desk chair.

"Can it wait, Larry? Linda is waiting and I'm already late." He folded his hands in mock prayer.

"No. No, it can't. I'm not your mother, Richard.



You best be glad I'm not. But anyway—uh what did I tell you that I was going to say?"

"You said . . ."

"I remember," Larry interrupted. His freckled face became spotty red. He had only thought this speech over and rehearsed it since Rich came in from a three-day trip that began on Monday. But Rich said that he had gone to Chinatown in New York, to see if the Chinese really stuck together in classes like the Asia professor said they did. After three days there, Richard decided that the professor was right and that "Incidentally, Sue Brooks was still going to NYU."

"Keviston Richard Grandy—known to your parents as such, known to your friends as Rich, and to every girls' campus within sixty miles as 'Frosty, the snowman' or whatever name you're fancying now—you have got to realize that you can't graduate making two quality points a year. And Richard, I, even I, realize that two quality points would be a one hundred per cent increase over your midterm average, but still—and stop trying to interrupt me—God dammit, Rich," the casual tone faded, "you've got to stay here. If you flunk out," his lips quivered on, "you'll . . . well, you'll never be anything, and you know it. It's hard enough to

be anything at all, even with a diploma from Forsyth Woods College." He paused and rested his hand on the window. He looked across the plaza at the administration building. "If I could bomb the registrar's office and destroy the evidence that you'd made anything below a C, I would. But the only thing I can do," he turned to catch Richard's racing eyes as they darted around the room, "is to help you in the one course I have with you, Asia."

"You're right, Larry. That is, you're right that I don't study much. But really, I feel like I'm getting it down." He paused to end the trend of the conversation. "Now I have to go pick up Linda. O.K.?"

"Yeah, see ya in a few days, Rich. If I don't see you before next week, remember that the exams start Monday and Asia is at two o'clock."

"Two o'clock—Damn, that's early."

In the chapter room of the Beta Alpha house, boys were swearing that God had shortened the day to twenty hours, while others professed that they were going to get "wiped out" or "screwed." Richard was not in either class. He claimed that all worry and tension was for the birds. "A good brew and a good woman would be the best thing for y'all. Get loose!" he preached. No one was

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## O Poets, Sing

*O Poets, Sing of psychological love, dainty sun-sparkling meadows, and the depths of academic profundity.*

*Rankling, rancid, sophisticated thoughts.*

*Entangle adolescent reason in subtle, unintelligible rhetoric.*

*Say pretty nothings in a grandiloquent literary manner.*

*Weigh heavily on the old, fashionable soul with a small, beedy, incarcerated intellect.*

*Purport wit and color and light with drab aplomb.*

*Do these things*

*But don't write me one word that is honest*

*One word that is not affected*

*One word that is not constrained*

*One word that is not distorted*

*One word that reflects a genuine emotion.*

*I might not understand.*

*Hayes McNeill*





## Two

*Two fellows traveled down a grassy hill,  
The lesser trailing, as such dreamers will;  
Though other dreamers drifted close behind,  
Slow-paced with patience went the master still:  
The patience of the great is ever kind.*

*Donia Whiteley*



# Fences

by Harold Jackson

The warm mud oozed between his toes. It felt nice, but he fought the feeling. It was strange how he could feel so good on one end of his body and his tears and thoughts could be so painful on the other. With his teeth clinched and his dirty fingernails digging at the flesh of his sweaty palms, he wondered why the old man always had to spoil everything. Why just now, when things were going so well, did he have to have one of his talks? He couldn't understand why the old man wouldn't let him live his own life.

It wasn't fair; he never got to say anything, no matter how much Papa misunderstood him. He wanted to be alone. His mind ran to the river, and without making a decision he turned his muddy feet that began to carry him across the low ground toward the tree-lined banks far in the distance.

He knew before he crawled over the rusty strands of barbed wire how good the cool damp grass in the pasture would feel to his feet, but he didn't want it to feel good; he wanted to ache and to cry. He wanted to hurt something and get even. He wondered if Papa would cry if he happened to fall in the river and drown. He thought it would be nice to see the old man cry. Except for a feeling of anger he radiated, the old man was emotionless and quiet; but then he'd seem to spring forth and crash the silence like the old grandfather clock, striking out and hitting Tim with the brunt of the blow. He'd tell the boy what a waste he was making of his life and how he'd been so much better when he'd been a boy. Papa's voice would get louder and louder as he'd express the worn idea in a thousand different ways. He'd look at the boy almost as if he were a thief and had stolen his most prized possession.

As he neared the river, he was panting. Tim had walked almost in a run. Each step had built his anger, but he had fought to keep the tears

back until he finally reached the heavy trees and ran down the bank to the muddy edge of the river. There like a summer storm Tim broke, and the tears streamed down his sun-browned face. It felt good to cry in the privacy of the trees, and he made no effort to fight back his emotions. He stumbled to his knees and cried until he'd used all his tears and no longer had the strength to go on.

Tim rolled on his back and looked up toward the white puffy clouds moving slowly about the sky. His view was filtered by the swaying tops of the willows that lined the banks. He envied those trees, with their smooth and uninterrupted movements. They had no worries, no problems, and they stood independent of each other, having to listen to no one. He thought about how nice it must be.

"Why does that old man act like he does? Can't he see how I try?" Tim tormented himself with thoughts of when he had finally with pride gotten his furrows straight. But the old man had said they were too deep or shallow. He could have gone on with more examples, but they were all the same and there was no use.

The old man had even argued when Tim went off to school that first winter. "How can you learn anything at that school, he'd said, "if you can't even chop wood right."

The boy had tried to do right. He thought he had learned fast. But it was hard to match the old man who even in his years could do the farm tasks without flaw. The times the boy had driven himself the old man always managed to stay one step ahead looking over his shoulder, criticizing the boy's every move.

Papa was his enemy, but why? His father had been the old man's only son. Tim was angry at

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# Artistic or Obscene?

by Wallace Finlator

In the days of such movies as *John Goldfarb, Please Come Home* and *Kiss Me, Stupid* and the wide circulation of such novels as *Candy* and *Tropic of Cancer*, the word "censorship" has become anathema. Under the protection of artistic freedom, books which would have been banned in Boston and everywhere else twenty years ago are on the rack for all to read. Such limitations as production codes or the Index have been swept aside by many as unnecessarily restrictive, and the reader and the viewer are left with the knotty problem of how to evaluate what they read and see. Can one distinguish between good art and out-and-out pornography?

Perhaps the most perceptive recent judgment on the subject is to be found in an article by George Eliot in the March, 1965, issue of *Harper's* where he submits "distance" as his criterion for judging pornography.

Eliot notes that even some of the most commonplace activities, such as eating, are revolting when viewed too closely. On the other hand, even our most private and personal activities (and it is the offensive intrusion upon these that constitutes pornography for most people) can be observed by the movie-goer or followed by the reader with pleasure when the artist heeds the discreet laws of distance and perspective.

To achieve any depth of understanding of what pornography is, another concept is of primary importance. It should be considered basic to a genuine appreciation of art that the most *pleasantly* re-created blocks of life are those which make up the ultimate and most enduring elements of art.

The boldly critical writers of twentieth century fiction have unveiled elements of human experience which writers seemingly ignored for the last hundred years. They successfully attacked the narrow existing notions of what should or should not be printed; and in so doing, they presented facts of human existence that might still have been rationalized away or ignorantly condemned. However, there are pitfalls to be avoided in this type of critical writing. The critical temperament easily becomes too limiting and too pointless, perhaps even more than the standards which it attacks. Jacques Barzun has noted in the introduction to his book *The Energies of Art* that now even "the critic has fallen into the dullest of conformities, the conformity of Dissent."

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## Two Reviews

# The Feminine Mystique

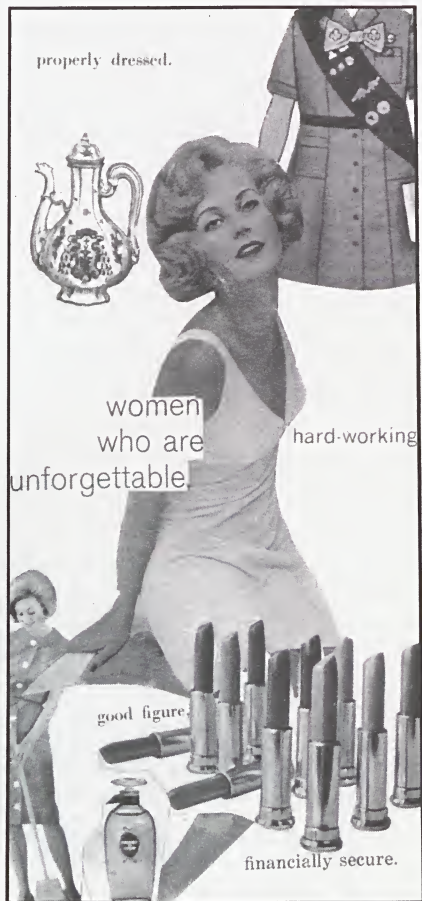
by Jim Bunn

According to Betty Friedan, American women are laboring under a ruinous "problem that has no name." Because they are trying to conform to a culturally imposed image of femininity, women in this mechanical age creak along the movements of their life span oiled only by frenetic pursuits of high speed leisure. This image allows their sole creative function to be biological, encourages their innate desire for identity to be sacrificed for "togetherness," and most important, refuses "their basic need to grow and fulfill their potentialities as human beings." Mrs. Friedan has dubbed this image "the feminine mystique," an appropriately prohibitive phrase, considering the laden connotations of the two words. The problem occurs when women who are educated and instilled with the desire to satisfy their intellectual capacities are forced into the tedium of the housewife, "the ludicrous consignment of millions of women to spend their days at work an eight year old can do."

Since the book is designed for the largest possible audience, it begins in an easy manner to explain the problem, then switches casually into a new chapter about the popular women's magazines and their insidious way of enforcing the feminine mystique. Probably these early sections are most appealing to the casual female reader because the chapters are liberally sprinkled with revealing case histories of women telling their innermost secrets.

The following chapter is a succinct and honestly interesting survey of the American feminist movement, a movement which is thwarted by advocates of the feminine mystique who think of the career woman as a usurper of "masculine" qualities such as determination and self-realization while losing "feminine" qualities such as passiveness, dependency, and conformity.

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by Joyce Wilsie

Yes, there she is, the lovely housewife with each hair in place, her housework done, and dressed to greet her husband cheerfully at the door with a kiss and a smile.

How many American girls dream of being the leading lady in the tableau of the "Happy Home-maker"? Betty Friedan, author of *The Feminine Mystique*, says that this is the goal of the majority. The dream does not necessarily extend past the age when the husband loses his hair, reads the paper at night, is glued to the television, or finds his wife a little fatter than she was the day they were married.

For this role the American woman is trained from childhood until she is able to get her man. Her education is oriented toward eventual marriage, according to the sociologists the only accepted way to spend the last forty or fifty years of her life. Ideally, her education should provide as few interests as possible, for then she can try to horn in on her husband's life and to manipulate the lives of her children. This is the feminine mystique.

Around the turn of the century, women fought for equal rights in society. The long battle is still smoldering, the latest victory being equal wages now given to women. But after World War II, a strong force chased women out of the social arena and put them back into the home. The Freudian concept came to America in mass-appeal form. After half a century of revolt against him, the Victorian gentleman again became every woman's ideal. He felt that a woman had only one role to play, that of housewife and servant to the man. To have ambitions or to compete was, wickedly, to envy the male sex.

So back into the home the woman moved. Protecting her children and pleasing her husband were her only goals in life. She searched and schemed to find a man, for "spinster" was a title that meant automatic unhappiness. Women's magazines carried articles about the traumas and the "happily ever after" situations of married life. Magazine

fiction no longer mentioned mothers who held jobs they found meaningful; it was passe to hold a job while raising children unless one were almost destitute. Figures came out to support this. Delinquent children were those with mothers who worked, the surveys said. (Mrs. Friedan's studies indicate that middle class children of working mothers were no more prone to delinquency than those who had mothers who stayed at home or went out to play bridge.)

With the history of the "war of women" in mind, the author seeks to pin down "the problem that has no name." The major symptom of this malady which seems to plague many American housewives is a general dissatisfaction with life, stemming from an inability to fill up the void left by children who no longer require round-the-clock care.

Bowling, bridge, or shopping may make the woman forget that she has nothing satisfying to do, but these do not provide opportunity for the personal expression that is so necessary. The expression that was found in college with artistic endeavors, academic achievements, or favorite hobbies is missing from most marriages. They cease with the oncoming romance and excitement of marriage. But the glamour turns into the commonplace, and the "problem with no name" appears.

This book would rescue women from their bridge parties and their beauty parlors and call them to do "worthwhile" things. Just what this means may be interpreted by the reader. Mrs. Friedan urges women to return to school, to paint, to write, or whatever; but she urges them to do *something*. If a reader wants a more specific answer than this from the book, she will doubtlessly be disappointed. The author merely, in her most enthusiastic way, urges each woman to search out the one thing that interests her and to pursue it. That this one thing must be done to the exclusion of family affairs is not necessarily the author's intent.

The American woman must feel that she is contributing, and her satisfaction may be more valuable than the contribution itself. It gives her a feeling of importance and worth, an appreciation of herself.

If a woman is plagued by the "problem that has no name" or disturbed by the feminine mystique, she may find Mrs. Friedan's analysis helpful. Or then again she may use Mrs. Friedan's book merely as a good excuse to do what she wanted to do all along.

Recognizing the needless overemphasis of Freudian key phrases on American sexual thought, Mrs. Friedan risks losing her less adventuresome readers by entitling her next chapter "The Sexual Solipsism of Sigmund Freud." Although the title is grandiose, Mrs. Friedan's style is explicit and her argument persuasive; her followers are left wondering how Freud could have been so shortsighted. Assuming now that her readers are solidly within the book, Mrs. Friedan continues her thesis by citing case histories and results from sociology, anthropology, psychology, psychiatry, and psychotherapy; she is a colossal hoyden striding over scientific boundaries and picking with effrontery the fruits of studies which seem to suit her purposes.

After examining the causes of the feminine mystique, Mrs. Friedan swivels her attention to the image's harmful effects upon society; of course they are legion. Understand now, that Mrs. Friedan is emotionally committed to this thesis, and for that reason the reader should try to be tolerant when her zeal overcomes her scientific judgment as a clinical psychologist. Too often her arguments are tenuously based upon supposition.

For example, the well-known withdrawal symptoms of American soldiers in Korean prisoner of war compounds are not proven to be the results of the feminine mystique as Mrs. Friedan suggests. Also, one or two of her discussions of various aspects of the Kinsey Report are extremely far-fetched. She stacks the deck against the unsuspecting reader when she compares, most unscientifically, a study of prisoners in a Nazi concentration camp with American housewives who have "trapped themselves within the narrow confines of the home.

A more glaring error is her assumption that men escape dehumanization through the creative aspects of their careers (which is ultimately the solution she presents for women), yet quite a few of her conclusions regarding the horrors of the feminine mystique are lifted from studies of both women and men. This psychological shell game of shifting and switching facts in order to leave a more lasting impression for her controversial

argument negates the more forceful and startling conclusions. Mrs. Friedan did not write this book for the Ladies' Afternoon Tea and Discussion Circle, but she has brewed such a strong medicine that the alcoholic content has made her a trifle heady.

The most general way of describing Mrs. Friedan's solution for the feminine mystique might be as popularization of the existential movement; the mechanics of her solution are her surprise and the reason why her readers stayed on until the last chapter. Essentially, "existence" means to stand out to, to emerge as a human being, and Mrs. Friedan correctly wishes women to be human beings first, to join in the process of "becoming" through education; in short, "put the mind before the marriage bed."

This is valuable advice wherever found, but Mrs. Friedan is so convinced of the evils of being a mere housewife that she would persuade even those women who are happy in that role to get out of the house and to find a long term commitment beside their husbands and children. In her only case history of a completely happy housewife, Mrs. Friedan wonders "if a few problems are not somehow better than this smiling empty passivity." It is this audacious wondering, combined with the tone of a foreboding prophet, that might cause unease in many an otherwise happy housewife; in this sense, by her combativeness, Mrs. Friedan merely adds one more factor to the formation of the feminine mystique.

The value of the book lies in the contrast it offers to our conventional preconceptions of a dangerous stereotype in American women. If Mrs. Friedan had not been so high-handed in using conjecture as fact, she might have won plaudits from all levels of society for her recognition of the problem; but she has resorted to emotion rather than intellect, and for that reason she cannot be honestly acclaimed. American women probably will accept the distorted message anyway and will charge out of the home looking for self-actualization; questionable as this action might be, it will no doubt provide a significant ideological answer to another American problem — the population explosion.

## Happy Birthdays

Once a little boy there was  
Upon a time,  
All mother-warmed  
And dimpled.

Proudly he began to win.  
Upon a time,  
And father shared  
Momma.

Upward and outward  
Times ballooned,  
And went away  
Forever.

Alone, unknown,  
Little boy  
Spits on bursted dimples,  
Destroying all  
That never was,  
And hopes to be  
Big  
Upon a time.

Peggy Cushmore

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## Song of Spring

Sunlight — wavelike, pulsing, washing, warming  
In softly undulating rhythm  
Like some gently lapping, laving liquid —  
Brings to life the singing bird  
Whose warble wafts along the breeze  
And blends with odor gold of jasmine  
Interspersed with pungent pine  
Glowing green and turgid with new sap of spring.  
As Nature finds her spring  
And holds forth life — a new bouquet  
Of sights and sounds and scents —  
Will I not find my spring  
And let my dead heart sing  
With singing, sparkling eyes and ears  
And sun-warmed tingling skin.

John Q. Gilterhopper





*Dr. Charles S. Black*

As we seated ourselves on his shaded porch, the white-haired gentleman carefully filled his pipe, reflected for a few minutes and said in his slow relaxed manner, "Well, I really don't know where to begin." Thus Dr. Charles S. Black started to relate the details of a life and a career that have been interwoven with the history of Wake Forest College for the past half-century. His services as

professor of chemistry and department chairman have been invaluable to the College; his concerns and hobbies have led him to become involved in activities of the community and the campus outside of his academics, and his personal interest in and involvement with the many students who have studied under him have carried his influence far beyond the boundries of the College itself. It is

indeed difficult to portray such an individual in a few short paragraphs.

His collegiate career began in 1915 when, as a freshman, he first came to Wake Forest, where he received his B.S. and M.A. degrees. He then studied at the University of Virginia for another M.A., and returned to Wake Forest to instruct, in 1925. After two more years of study, at the University of Wisconsin from 1927-28, he received his Doctorate, and again returned to Wake Forest, to become a full professor in 1929. His teaching here has been interrupted only once, during the Second World War, when his service to the Army and Air Force in the area of chemistry earned him the rank of full Colonel in the Air Force. He assumed the chairmanship of the Chemistry Department in 1939, at the death of Dr. Nowell, Sr., and held it until 1963, when Dr. J. W. Nowell, the son of Dr. Black's predecessor, was named to the position.

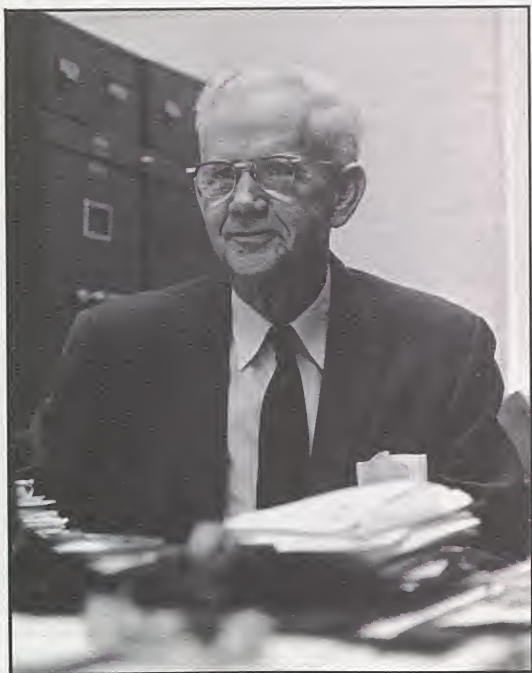
The chairman's job is at best not an easy one, and he held the post during a time when the department grew from three faculty members to eight and underwent the move to Winston-Salem. The normal course load for a student is eighteen hours; that for a professor is no more than half this amount. It was not unusual, however, for Dr. Black to carry twenty or twenty-two hours during the crowded post-war period. Even so, he was able to maintain a patient and understanding attitude. One of his colleagues commented, "Dr. Black is a man with a tremendous amount of common sense, who is always willing to go much farther than the extra mile with everyone he comes in contact with. He is a real 'gentleman' in the true sense of the word."

Dr. Black's interests are not confined to the classroom and the laboratory, however. His golfing enthusiasm made him a familiar figure on the Wake Forest nine-hole course. (The laboratory sessions here at Winston last longer than they did on the old campus, he confides, and this has cut into

his golfing time.) For twenty years, his position as a member of the Board of Commissioners of the town of Wake Forest involved him in local government, and a basement wood-working shop has enabled him to build much of the furniture for his Faculty Drive home. He is probably best known, though, as a photographer. For nearly fifteen years he made all of the film records for the Deacon football games, and in addition, he has illustrated two full-length books, including one on the history of printing in North Carolina.

None of the above, however, explains why Dr. Black has received so much enjoyment and satisfaction from his years at Wake Forest. This comes, he says, from his personal contacts with the students. "I couldn't have done anything I would have enjoyed more," he commented. "Of course, there were some students who were more willing to be helped than others." The fact that all who were the least bit willing were the recipients of his kind and patient aid is illustrated by the many letters received here from his former students. One, from the president of a southern liberal arts college, reads, "... Dr. Black not only demonstrated that he was basically a very superior teacher, he also impressed all of us through his cooperation, kindness, patience and understanding that he was a great man." Another writes, "His interest in the student did not stop at the classroom. He always had time and was eager to talk to anyone in need of help after hours at any time."

In short, when Dr. Black retires next month, Wake Forest will lose a man who is not only an able professor and administrator, but a true gentleman and friend of the student, a man responsible for encouraging many who have gone on to make contributions both in chemistry and other fields. However, his retirement will certainly not end his interest and involvement in Wake Forest and its activities. He plans to remain in his home at the edge of the campus, for, as he said at the close of our conversation, "I can't think of any place I'd rather be." — Dan Jones



*Dr. A. C. Reid*



Forest. Materially he has given us a great deal; but aesthetically his contributions are beyond description.

A country boy from High Rock, North Carolina whose gadfly teaching techniques establish him as much a sage as his beloved Socrates, he has shown generations of students what philosophy is. To many of us, Dr. Reid is philosophy.

Head of the Department of Philosophy since 1920, Dr. Reid has never given up teaching the lower level introductory course in his field. It is his extremely perceptive feeling that this is where student interest must be encouraged for understanding the applicability of Plato in our own lives, for appreciating the importance of the contributions made by Thales and Heraclitus, and for developing an awareness that our ethics, morals and insights are not unique. Philosophically, all that we have has been graciously preserved and beautifully presented to us in classical study.

In Dr. Reid's upper division reading courses, small seminar classes pore over more recent literary works in which they find a broadened re-expression of the philosophical approaches presented through Dr. Reid's mind. Facing even the most difficult concepts, a questioning student will find his answer in the inevitably delightful tale of a Davidson County farmer in a situation which parallels Seneca's point of view.

When Dr. Reid leaves Wake Forest College this year to return, appropriately enough, to Wake Forest's birthplace, he will have left us an invaluable legacy; his books, articles, letters, lectures, and words of cheer or consolation are an integral part of the life he leads.

We shall all have memories to cherish of our philosopher; for some, the make-up quizzes they were asked to take at 6:00 am, when his office door had already been open for over an hour; for others, a late Halloween night visit to his apartment for a treat of stories. We think of him by the window in his lovely library while his twinkling blue eyes watch would-be-philosophers pondering.

Dr. Reid, in the words of one of his colleagues of thirty-six years' association and friendship, Prof. Jasper Memory "has a gentle spirit, a discerning sense of values, and a dynamic concern about the welfare of mankind that characterizes one who has his feet planted on the Rock of Ages."—Betsy Winstead.

In this era of growth and expansion for Wake Forest College there are those who have given much of their time and service for its betterment. We are grateful to them all. Yet it is hardly adequate to say thank you.

Wake Forest's own philosopher, Dr. Albert Clayton Reid, has been a propelling force both within our College and far beyond its physical boundries. His is a spirit that symbolizes every part of Wake

## The Pangs of Darker Birth

*He gave her seeds and bade her turn  
Into the cool green wood  
And plant them deep; ere his return,  
He vowed, would flowers red  
Burst brilliant toward the sun;  
Then kissed her red lips twice, and fled  
To the South his long sojourn.*

*The second day she went alone  
With the small seeds in her hand;  
She stopped below an ancient stone  
And buried them deep in the forest floor  
Where curled the pungent fern,  
Then watered them with teardrops four,  
And blessed them with a moan.*

*Faithful as day she watched the ground  
And tended the place with love,  
Faithful as night she wept the sound  
Of the South-wind singing low;  
Below the stone she lingered long,  
But never a seed of the seeds did grow  
From the still sad mound.*

*The summer sun did deadly burn  
But the seeds lay ever deep,  
She watched the season slowly turn  
But never saw flowers red;  
And when the South-wind ceased to blow  
She asked were seed, sojourner dead.  
Strange answer did she learn:*

*Awake, she felt, devoid of mirth  
The seeds stretch down and down;  
Within the dark cold core of earth,  
The labor of the heart begun,  
Her flowers red pierced other sod,  
And felt the chill of other sun,  
The pangs of darker birth.*

*Donia Whiteley*

the war and at whatever had caused his mother to die, but what had he done to the old man? He'd tried to talk to him, but he had gotten nothing.

The old man couldn't hate him for going to school. He had to go; it was the law. And he had always come straight home and gotten his chores done. He never got them done to please Papa, but they all got done.

He thought maybe the old man was just mean like some of the people he'd read about at school; but then all the folks at church had told him when he first came that his granpaw was a good man.

The old man didn't have any friends. Nobody ever came to call on him, and he never had any fun; but then he was older than anybody else. Maybe he'd had friends and fun when he'd been younger.

Tim thought about running away, but he'd tried that before his paw had gone to fight and it didn't work out. He'd have to stay and learn to take it.

He thought of the wood he hadn't chopped and, as he got up, he looked once more at the willows and though maybe things would be different; maybe the old man would change.

As Tim slowly retraced his steps across the fresh, green low ground he could see the wood pile out behind the house. He looked at his calloused hands and wondered what they would be like if his maw and paw were still alive. Maybe he would be like the town kids; they never had to do any work and always had time to do what they wanted.

Tim was almost to the fence when the back screen door sprang open and Bessie rushed into the yard. He could tell at first glance something was wrong. Tim cleared the four strand fence with no effort and rushed to her.

Bessie was wildly upset. Tim had never seen her this way. "Oh, Mr. Tim, he's gone, he's gone, your paw is gone."

The boy couldn't believe the old man was dead. He couldn't decide how he should feel. Should he cry like Bessie was doing? She was just the old nigger cook, and if she was crying he thought he should be too. But he didn't want to cry. He was sad or at least felt something that was not pleasant, but it didn't make him want to cry.

When Bessie quieted down, he asked how the old man had died. "He went hard, Mr. Tim. He fought for the longest kinda time." With tears on

her cheek and with a sad and simple sort of understanding in her eyes she looked at the boy and went on, "Mr. Tim he ain't wanted to die, I knowed him all his life and all he ever wanted was to be more'n he was. He ain't been the same since you come. You make him know he'd be what he was and that's all. Can't you see, boy? He couldn't love you. You is young. You was his one-time strong back, and that's all he ever was, and you stole that. But it weren't your fault and don't worry now 'cause sometimes there ain't nothin' nobody can do."

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It is because this critical approach (of which pornography is only one facet, a more obvious manifestation of the general masochistically critical spirit of the times) has *itself* become narrow that our consideration of pornography and art should be tempered with caution and reserve. One should not forget to be skeptical of the skeptic.

The particular attitudes and prejudices of the artist will be colored and, to a large extent, determined by his "conception of the universe." Modern literature tends to focus on the vulgar side of human experience precisely because modern writers see life as essentially vulgar and despicable. Man seems filthy, hypocritical, sadistic, self-centered, self-righteous, and stupid; and these artists have no compunctions in portraying their characters accordingly. Their view ought to be considered only partially accurate. Men *are* despicable, hypocritical, and indecent; but human beings can also be decent, clean, kind, and self-sacrificing. The point is that we can be and are both. The "paragon of animals" is both honest and dishonest, self-centered and self-sacrificing, capable of atrocities but also capable of great love. Man's paradoxical nature is to be despised and at the same time to be regarded with awe.

Perhaps the reader has realized that we have so far used the word "pornography" with apologies and reservations; it is a vastly misleading term. What is frequently labeled pornography might be better regarded as narrow and unsuccessful art. Writers such as James Baldwin, William Burroughs, and James T. Farrell are ultimately far more boring than repugnant. But this does not warrant their censure.

It is axiomatic that artistic expression should be absolutely free. This should not be through fear of censure (for who shall guard the guards?). Rather, an appreciation of good art inevitably gives one a sense of artistic discretion which, while taking a dim view of so-called pornography, considers there to be nothing to fear or to gain from it.

surprised. It was the same old Rich — at present, hell raiser number one; soon, college drop out number 1,999,000,999.

Larry filled in his name on the blue book and glanced for a second in homage at the empty desk beside him. "So long, Rich."

The door opened, quickly; K. Richard Grandy took his seat unashamedly. He read the questions and seemed, to Larry, to know what he was doing.

Summer vacation followed the two week exam period. At fall registration Richard was surprisingly there. When asked, "How'd you come out?" he would answer "Fine," and say no more.

"Let me see your grades," Larry insisted.

"O.K. Here." He flipped them out of his pocket.

"All A's! Did you cheat or something? Brown nose? You had all D's really working at mid-semester."

"You know better than that. What did you get in South East Asia?"

"C. You, must have knocked that exam out! You must have knocked them all out. Great Rich, but how'd you do it?"

"My brain just up and started working, I guess." He scratched his head.

"Don't scratch it, Rich! Don't even touch it! Just let it work like it's doing. Let it itch like my feet do. Let it squirm and squeeze out all of the facts just like it did."

"Yeah," Rich laughed and rubbed his forehead.

"Don't touch it!" Larry demanded. "Just, just let it do whatever it wants."

They laughed and went to dinner.

Richard's working brain was the talk of the campus. A few of the girls he had showed a good time were flunk-outs, and his abounding success was the mystery of the campus. How did good old Rich — a sharp date, but nowhere near a student — stay in school? Talk soon died down until the "Dean's List" was announced.

At a called meeting of the faculty Richard was the topic of conversation. Richard had been a common visitor in the dean's office, and the professors knew him well. Perhaps that was why he had made only D's before.

"Did Richard Grandy make an A in your class too, Professor Wilson?"

"Yes, Dr. Jackson. His exam was remarkable — nothing but an A paper."

"I gave him the same thing," Dr. Poly dragged at his cigar and released a green cloud of dusty smoke. "But had I known," his red face fattened, "that he was going to get all A's and make the Dean's List," his fist pounded the table, "and embarrass our academic standards, I would not have," he snapped his face to Dr. Jackson, "given him that A. He's no A student."

"You're right, you are precisely right," the shrill tone of Dr. Stein added flavor to the argument. "I knew the boy was in academic trouble and so when he made that A on my exam, and he *did* make that A — I graded him A."

"Gentlemen, and ladies," President Gregg ended the discussion. "We will take action. Maybe he got some ideas from old quizzes of yours — did you forget about those fraternity files?" A few nodded in agreement and confession. "Well don't use them!" he raised himself from his chair and pointed his fat fingers ominously. "Cut it out. And," he bobbed his head as if he were espousing the heart of the suspicion, "notice if he cheats!" President Gregg reassumed his seat and whispered "meeting adjourned."

Richard's fraternity brothers were surprised and pleased with his remarkable memory. Rich, who couldn't remember when to add another year to his age, now had some intuitive insight into everything he'd ever read, heard, or seen; and sometimes just for the hell of it, he'd remember the background and conjecture what finally happened. Library trips were cut to nearly nil. The brothers would laugh "Why go over there to read a book and take a chance on a fine when old Rich can tell you about anything he's ever read, somehow."

In the classroom, professors tried to stump him with questions they had often wondered about but to which there obviously seemed no answer or solution. They were embarrassed that they did not know whether he was right or wrong but were afraid to do anything but agree. They had found, after looking up as best they could, that he was usually right, or at worst, pretty close.

Quizzes became a daily ritual in Richard's classes, and the other students were sorry they were in his classes. After three weeks of quizzes, four out of five professors gave up to Richard's brain. But Professor Poly didn't give up, although he was sorry that he had ever decided on teaching as a career. He often wondered why he hadn't given his body and lungs to cancer research. "They say

these damn cigars will kill you," he quipped to himself, "but I'm afraid Richard is my death. I cannot correct him. But I'll keep trying," he said, lighting another cigar. Every day after "that damn Asia class with Richard in it" he would take two codine tablets, a ten minute nap, and awake in what he considered a tranquil enough state to grade Rich's quiz. "Right, right, right! You're right Rich, old boy!" He drew a dynamic A on the blue book that ran off on to his pride, his walnut desk. "Damn, damn, damn! And I tried so hard." He jumped out of his soft chair. He huffed angrily and jumped up and down with both feet. "Everything?" His tone relaxed into a questioning mode.

"No you don't, K. Richard Grandy. No," he paused and strutted little pixie circles in his tiptoes. "I know somebody that knows more than you do. Yes, Richard," he regained his self confidence, "you see, I know Dr. Shib Q. Tulepshu, professor of Asian graduate studies at Harvard! Ah-ha! I've got you in my paws now." He sat down on the floor in the corner of his office and crossed his squatty legs with a struggle. "Oh, Buddha, Buddha! If you are everywhere, Buddha," he begged with his outstretched pudgy arms, "let Dr. Tulepshu think up

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a question that Richard can't answer. Ashole and many thanks. I'll, I'll even give up these imperialistic cigars if you will!"

Richard took the quizzes, and when he cut classes there were no "pop" quizzes given, only two the next time. Two at a time was chicken scratch for Richard, but the other students pressed so that he tried not to cut. Still, cut or no cut, Richard refused to quit his trips which were taking him nearer to the coast as spring melted his favorite slopes. In defense, Richard's classmates would cut the time after he did; so he took the quizzes alone. Richard felt better about cutting then, and he did it more often.

It was President Gregg who was pushed by public opinion to conduct a private investigation of the "Richard Grandy Case." Did he have a learning machine? Were these frequent trips to special tutoring sessions?

Richard was followed or tailed, as the faculty began to joke, but the investigation uncovered nothing. Everything he ate was listed. Every place he went was watched for suspicious activity. Yet, there was no unusual food involved. There was nothing suspicious about Richard Grandy except his unconquerable brain.

Finally the faculty met to try one last plan. They decided to ask Richard how he had suddenly become a scholar.

Richard laughed when he received his letter. His fraternity brothers laughed harder. Who were they to care how it happened? All they knew was that the fraternity average was bound to rise.

"So they want to know how I know what I know. How the hell would I know? It just happened," he decided. "I'm not any different, really. A lot of times I just guess at what I have a hunch on. Maybe I always had it in me but it took a long nineteen years."

"K. Richardson Grandy," President Gregg proclaimed, "we have your record before us, a record that many of us think is illogical, to say the least. How can you make four F's and a D one semester and all A's the next? How?"

The room became still. All legs were left crossed or uncrossed, whichever way they were at the moment. Thumbs stopped twiddling. Gum was shifted from one side to the other. A soft but strong voice answered the question.



"President Gregg, I don't know what to say," Richard looked at his watch, "except that I have a date. Could we hurry up?"

"Hurry!" President Gregg lost his temper. "Not until you do some talking. Your papers are perfect. All of them. You write with the same sloppy letters, but this time you're writing real words and sentences that mean something." He paused to pretend a smile. "Now Richard," he said in an almost fatherly tone, "you aren't cheating, are you? We haven't been able to catch you anyway, so we can't throw you out. But if you are . . ."

"I'm not cheating, President Gregg," Richard stood from his seat, "and I regret that you have made this accusation. You and your Deans can come and watch me take quizzes if you want. One of you can even write down my answers for me while I dictate them blindfolded, if you want!"

"A good idea, Richard!" President Gregg looked whimsically at the ceiling. "Now, stop trying to think for us! We know how to run a college. And we know how to crack down too," he decided. "You just study or whatever. We'll make out the quizzes."

"Thank you, President Gregg. Let me know your decision."

Richard returned to his room. How he had known the answers and thought about things hadn't bothered him until now. He tried to remember, but his genius was dumbfounded. The faculty could flunk him out if they asked him that on a quiz.

Larry crashed into the door as he usually did but there was no one to wake up on his entry. Richard was lying in bed, smoking as if it were a fine art to practice.

He and Larry talked about the faculty meeting in still voices of doom. Larry remembered the first day that he had noticed that Richard knew what was going on. It was the day he decided to stop taking notes. They backtracked, reconstructed, and filled in until they decided that it must have been something he did the day he got his grades.

Richard thought that he remembered then. He remembered the pills he'd made in chemistry and taken that day.

"But I really don't think it was them," Richard said. "I just think I'm brilliant."

Richard decided to try out the pills on Larry. It would be easy for Richard to make more. He did chemistry experiment No. 30 as ignorantly as

he had done it in days of old. He felt embarrassed doing it the wrong way now, though. He began to realize what he could not understand before. He decided that anybody who couldn't do experiment 30 "must used to have been a dumb bunny and deserved to have been called that silly name."

Richard felt that he was playing the role of a pharmacist as he portioned out Larry's mixture.

"You are a guinea pig, lazy boy."

"Yes, I just wish that there was a crowd here to watch me donate my body to science. I do this not for myself, but for the ignorant masses."

"Before you do, let me ask you some sample questions from the Graduate Record Exam. That's what scientists would do. Even Charles Atlas snaps a 'before' picture no matter what kind of hurry the specimen is in to lift five hundred pounds." Richard asked Larry a few questions and noted, just for the record, that the patient was not lying — he needed the pill.

"I think I took an overdose and passed out. Maybe you can have my dream brain without the fainting."

"Anything you say, Richard," Larry laughed. "I can see it now — Larry Thompson — a second genius at Forsyth Woods. Not only is he witty, charming and good-looking as always, but now he's a scholar."

Larry happily gulped the capsule with a rain-bow concoction of grains in it. He didn't faint; after he felt that the potion had time to turn on his brain, he begged Richard to ask him some of the hardest questions in the sample book. He answered every one of them, and then they knew. They both knew the secret.

They decided that it would be selfish to keep the secret; so they began a private campaign against ignorance. This, they decided would knock out poor attendance at parties before quizzes and during exams, and keep all the good guys in school. "What more," asked Richard, "could any pill be expected to do?"

Their first target was the fraternity average. Larry felt that there could be no better testing ground to wipe out ignorance than in their fraternity house. Slowly but steadily, the colorful grains were tossed into the fraternity food. The change was apparent. Beta fraternity won the scholarship trophy for the first time in fifteen years. The campus was startled, and President

Gregg was more than sure as he signed letters of commendation to all of the straight A Beta's, that there was tomfoolery somewhere on campus.

It was during Richard's junior year that he and Larry mixed a special gigantic portion and sifted it out in the student body's food. Richard preferred the over-the-shoulder approach while Larry enjoyed a simple toss, pretending it was salt. At mid-term of the fall semester there was no grade lower than A on any grade sheet, including those of freshmen.

The professors were asked to be sensible — how could the whole student body do perfect work? After looking over random papers and quizzes, President Gregg cried.

The students were quite pleased with themselves. What's more, parental relationships had never been better. Partying reached a new high, and the best ones were thrown the nights before quizzes by the Betas. Fraternity Greek Week was postponed until Reading Day. The celebration was stretched into a two week affair to make party time out of the increased free time.

The College Book Store had sale after sale, but students refused to buy notebooks they had no use for. The bookstore's biggest sellers — the College Outline Series and No-Doz — had to be shipped back. Faculty spies found out that most of the students hadn't even bought textbooks. Those who had forgotten and bought them, used them for door stops.

A few hundred of the students had started their first novels while another hundred were busy writing their dissertations early. Students often wrote letters to the administration asking them to speed up the educational system and at least make it a little challenging. Frequent letters apologized for cutting classes quite often and gave "had to be on a panel at another college" as their only excuse.

The athletic department produced previously unheard of teams. Athletes stayed in school now, took part in discussions, and made all A's. Relations between coaches and professors were not nearly so strained as before. The grade plaque became a thing of the past.

On the football fields the players performed with the ease and agility of the champions they came to be. The coaches were dumbfounded, but overwhelmingly pleased with the scoreboard. The players themselves devised masterful schemes in the huddles for making touchdowns. It soon became a contest among the players to see who could make the most intelligent touchdowns and thus wear the cleanest uniforms back into the locker room.

In the stands, the fans cheered in scholarly rhyme: "We desire a goal to be specific. Stuff the buffoons, you are terrific."

The campus became a society of tranquility. It was this tranquility which ended the work of those who functioned on their errors.

The College infirmary was empty. There were no colds; the straight A students knew when it was raining and they got out of it. There was no mononucleosis; there was little work and no overwork. Hangovers that once filled the Monday beds now left them empty. Each student knew how much he could hold and remembered to take two aspirin before passing out.

Lack of violence retired the valorous police force of Forsyth Woods. Although the police tried to conceal themselves skillfully in bushes or behind corners, they could not catch cars parked in the wrong spaces at the wrong times. Many times they came close, but just as they had begun their charge to slap a ticket on a car the student would outrun them and move it. Students knew how to tell time now, and they knew when to park what and where.

The police swore that the coeds had quit wear-

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ing panties. Never in the history of the college had spring come so softly. The students had relinquished the old raids. They simply were wear and tear on the students and the chaplain. Group trips were always unsuccessful anyway. The individual intellect of the boys was enough effort to shower spring's call.

The college band became a touring company. The radio station was a guiding voice to nearby newspapers and colleges.

Was it the professors? Was it the high entrance requirements? Was it the altitude of the college location?

The outside spies had no more success than Forsyth Woods' own investigating team. Espionage students were their last remedy, and it proved fatal to their transfer spies when Richard and Larry refused to give them their "secret."

The administration threw away their numerous form letters demanding improvement or dismissal. There could be no improvement. There was no longer any reason for dismissal.

Professor Poly had retired many moons ago, and his reaction was no longer typical of the faculty. But the faculty had problems.

They now spent hours in the library checking test papers, hoping just possibly to find an error or weak spot in the answers. The majority felt that they wouldn't take pride in finding the error, as much as in finding an area that students were weak in and making at least 128 hours of it mandatory. Maybe then they could be what they had always planned to be — graders.

The professors tired of never being asked a question they could answer. They felt as if they were on trial each time they lectured. It hurt their pride when students corrected them occasionally. The students were nice about it, though, and the professors were soon asking the students to lecture twice a week while they prepared for their one. But actually, the professors never fully realized that to attend their lectures was nothing but a student means of flattery.

It was Richard's last year that the entire senior class was tapped into Phi Beta Kappa by special permission of the national office. The tapping was done in rows to save individual effort and increased wear and tear on the faculty. Faculty

meetings were held in memory of another Forsyth Woods. A Forsyth Woods with "average, good-old people who made mistakes and needed guidance," as President Gregg sobbed.

At the meetings, the executive report was the most disappointing. Before, the professors had discussed the academic future of slow students and finally decided whether to let him stay or boot him out. The boot was now retired, and the executive committee was relieved of itself.

The faculty had a few compensations, however, that they soon took credit for. Campus mailboxes were crammed and cluttered with grants, fellowships and loans. President Gregg and his faculty needed new books and research centers even if the students didn't, so they accepted the money. Efforts to recruit Forsyth Woods students for Johns Hopkins and Harvard graduate schools became begging sessions. Finally, the faculty was happy. They realized what they had been blind to before; they had stimulated an academic revival. When letters came from Columbia and Princeton offering them gigantic salaries, President Gregg asked them to stay at Forsyth Woods. He could double their



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offer with his new grants and he bought the reluctant professors Jaguars.

Richard took the last exam of his college career in Spanish. President Gregg had flown Juan Ruiz Perez-La Mancha to the campus on the Forsyth Woods plane from Madrid. But Richard had no trouble in Spanish and he welcomed the chance to perform. Senor Perez-La Mancha brought his own exam with him — the exam was his newest book written in thirteenth century Spanish. "There are no 'ponies' for this book," President Gregg laughed.

Richard finished the exam quickly. He placed his fourteen blue books in their order and then signed the honor pledge in eloquent Spanish. He congratulated the Senor. "Thank you for allowing us to be the first to read such a work of art." He paused at the door of the classroom and watched his friends as they laughed in Spanish and translated the exam. He stopped Larry who was coming down the hall.


"Didn't y'all have enough blue books either?" Richard asked him laughingly.

"No," Larry grinned, "there are still more loads coming. Even President Gregg is hauling them from the Book Store."

"Look at them, Larry, look at *our* friends tearing through that Spanish book. It is a pretty good book. But look, Larry," Richard paused, "they don't even know. They never will, I guess. Maybe it's better to let them think they were just born brilliant. I wish we could tell the faculty that after this year's freshmen graduate, they'll be needed again."

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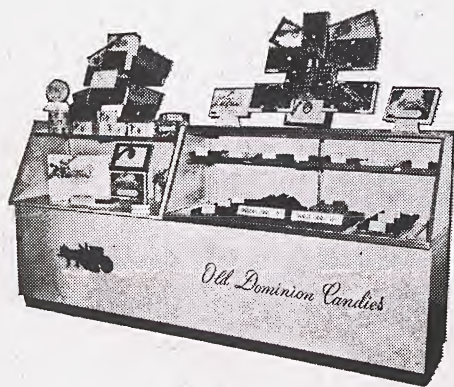
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